

A \$5,000 WEDDING BET

Kempshall threw down his paper.

"Ridiculous," he exclaimed. "These New York papers make me tired. Of all the improbable stories, of all the nonsensical guff I have ever heard of, this takes the grand prize!"

"What's the matter, Jim?" asked Bob Russell, strolling over to the other's chair, "something got your goat?"

"No, but I'm getting tired of these faked features. Here's one of the most absurd pieces of fiction parading as fact that it has ever been my misfortune to read. Some ambitious young type-writer-punisher has conceived an idea old as the hills and expects his helpless readers to swallow it, hook, line and sinker. Here's the fool thing—judge for yourself.



"Another variation of the old legacy story. Rich but eccentric old uncle leaves his fortune to nephew with the proviso that unless he is married and settled by a certain age, the money goes to a home for indigent cats or something of the sort. The will isn't read until two days before the time limit, yet our young hero finds the girl, a house, and all its essentials in time to claim the money—at least that's what the young puppy that wrote the story expects us to believe. It's beyond the bounds of reason!"

"Oh, I don't know, Jim. Pretty quick work and all that, but it might be done. After all the only hard part would be to find the girl. With the fair maiden all ready in view—and willing—I don't doubt the other matters could be taken care of all right—maybe in one day."

"Bosh!" retorted Kempshall. He was a bachelor in his late forties and inclined to be set in his ways. "I've got a cool thousand that says it can't be done."

Russell studied for a moment. "Tell you what I'll do, Jim. Make it interesting, and I'll take you up!"

"Interesting, you young firebrand! How does five thousand listen to you? You've lost before you've started—I'll give you five to one!"

Without a word Bob lotted down a memorandum and handed it to the older man. It specified that he, Robert Wesley Russell, would be securely fettered in hymeneal bonds before midnight of the following day, and would possess a home completely furnished from cellar to garret, or would forfeit one thousand dollars to one James Sinclair Kempshall.

Kempshall read it and smiled grimly. "All right, youngster, I see you're game. Hate to take your iron men, but guess you need the lesson. What do you say—shall we seal the bargain with a cold bottle?"

"No, thanks, Jim. It's nearly 9 o'clock and I've got a little telephoning to do and then it's me for the Ostermoor with the Big Ben on deck. Busy day tomorrow!"

Ten minutes later Bob stepped from the telephone booth. Marian Fairchild, his fiancée, had been almost swept off her feet by his argument, but he had conquered and she had agreed to help him win the novel bet. It's no small matter to a girl to sacrifice her plans and forego the days of preparation that are so essentially a part of every woman's ambition in the Great Event of her life, but like the true sportswoman she was, she consented and the bet was on.

Bob hailed a taxi and went home to bed.

At 9 o'clock the following night, Kempshall was ensconced in his favorite chair in the club rooms, deeply engrossed in a magazine. An attendant touched him on the shoulder.

"Telephone, Mr. Kempshall," he said.

It was Bob Russell. "Jump in a machine and come right up, Jim," he said, giving an address. "We'll settle that bet. Don't forget your check book."

A quarter of an hour later in almost a state of bewilderment, Kempshall affixed his signature to a check for \$5,000. Bob and Marian—Mrs. Russell now, if you please—had won and with their friends had assembled in their own home for the wedding feast. They were to leave on the midnight train for New York.

"But—how did you do it?" stuttered Kempshall. He was plainly in that condition best described as "flustered."

"Easy enough," returned the young bridegroom, just a little bit inclined to lord it over the elder man. "Guess you're entitled to know—you've certainly paid for the information."

"Now, Bob!" reproved Marian, with a little moue.

So young Robert related the events of the busiest twenty-four hours of his life and you, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Reader will have the opportunity of learning just how this novel wager was won.

Marian Insists Upon an "All Gas Kitchen"

"Bob, let's go to the salesrooms of The Washington Gas Light Company, said Marian. "I simply must have an 'all gas kitchen.'"

"All right," replied Bob, "you're to reign in the kitchen, so you're the one to select its equipment."

When they reached the salesrooms at 425 10th street they were shown a large variety of gas ranges, gas irons, gas water heaters, and other gas appliances which go to make up the efficient, economical and comfortable "all gas kitchen."

"You see the gas range causes no unnecessary dirt and dust," said Marian, as she completed her selections, "and there is no waste of fuel, as it costs nothing when it is not in use. And the gas water heater supplies plenty of hot water in a jiffy, without heating up the entire house."



Bob told the clerk about the \$5,000 wedding wager and he was assured that the appliances would be installed at once, so that the evening meal would not be delayed.

They were delighted to find that payment for their purchases could be made in monthly installments added to the gas bill.

As they were about to leave the salesrooms, Marian's attention was arrested by a display of artistic gas lighting fixtures.

"Oh, Bob, she exclaimed, "how charming!" Wouldn't it add a lot to our home if we installed some of these beautiful lights?"

"Of course, it would," he replied, "and we might as well select them right now."

In a few minutes they had selected a number of artistic lighting fixtures to beautify their home.

"Now we must hurry, dear," said Bob, looking at his watch. "We have lots of things to buy and time is flying."

They Buy The Sectional Bookcases

"Just as I was leaving my rooms this morning," remarked Bob, "the expressman delivered a box of books—a fine set of Hugo—which I ordered over two weeks ago. I was beginning to wonder what had become of them. Now they're here, I'm beginning to wonder what to do with them for, added to the sets I already have, my pile of books is beginning to assume formidable proportions."

"Why not buy a sectional bookcase, Bob?" inquired Marian. "It would be just the thing for the living room. Two sections side by side will just fill that space under the window seat and others can be placed on either side, making an ideal arrangement."

"The very thing! Takes us to the GLOBE-WERNICKE CO., 1218 F," he ordered the chauffeur. "You see, Marian, I'm quite a reader and, as my library grows, I can add sections from time to time."

Many styles and sizes in sectional bookcases greeted their eyes, but Bob's fancy ran to the mahogany finish and in this Marian quite agreed with him. While Bob did not remember that this would match the furniture already selected for that room, Marian did, for she had the woman's innate taste for well-balanced combinations.

Thus another of the many tasks before them was disposed of. They were about to leave when Bob's attention was attracted by a small typewriter which was on a stand near the entrance.

"By George!" said he, "it's one of those famous little Coronas, the most compact, yet durable machines made. Never mind, I know all about it," he said to the salesman, "just you send it up to the house. That's going to come in mighty handy, I know!"

"Yes, we have the exclusive local agency," remarked the salesman, "and just as you say, the machine is its own best recommendation. We're selling many of them, not only for home use but in the offices as well. Not long ago a man was seen on a Ninth street car typing a letter on his way home."

"Don't think I'll be that rushed for time, but just the same it's going to be mighty useful to me," said Bob.

